

11p102mc10
But carry up your page. — The face is living! —
A life more obvious in its functions, quick
And vital than bodied-being knows: — The eye
Transfixed with ^{its} mute array, discerns a change,
The change of growth; her old self passes forth,
Still and unmarked as dying night steals out
Before the day: the face that erst so pained,
Vanishes from the eye that would recall;
That poor soul goes; and a new life, received
Down through her eyes, so insatiate in their gaze,
Doth quicken her. And O, with what a power!
What height of praise, what height of abnegation,
Reach of discerning thought, adoring love,
What power to do or bear his utmost will
In suffering or in service, those eyes bespeak!

ilp101 cmc10
Not only with our fellows is our strife
At issue oft with circumstances, we
Tread blindly ~~forward~~ conditions of our life
And cry from its low crosses to be free.

As with our state ~~as~~ men, or with ourselves
Our low desires slow hearts, we war declare
We climb great heights - lose foothold, miss the chelae,
Then fall again + cry in our despair.

Best it not always thus! Blest hours we know
When ^{toward} on a sea of peace our spirits float -
A current - unopposed. Life's onward flow,
All faint + far off discord's jarring note.

11 p 102 cm 10
Would any write the story of our days
In fewest words that yet shall tell the whole.
Not peace & love the burden of his song,
But cries and strife & bitterness of soul.

Some little trespass on some little right,
As join point, grade us where so ever we turn;
The pain we could endure, it is the slight
The small injustice makes our anger burn.

And shall not right be done? we injured ask,
Nor to ourselves w'd seem our own to keep;
The enforcement of the right, the nobler task
Whose ample folds may cover personal spite.

And so through daily life we get our way,
Exacting some small due at every stage; -
Prompt service & meet honour should they pay
In whom for these things is bestow'd due wage.

Courteous should strangers be, - trustful as friends
Considerate, tender, watchful of our moods,
Still ready with the sympathy that lends
Its willing solacement where sorrow broods.
Quick are our eyes to see the duties clear
Of other men to us; & these withheld,
Righteous the strife doth to ourselves appear
Which would enforce what they refuse to yield.

As when some mutual friend delights to dwell
 On traces of an absent-loved one's mind
 Till those who ne'er have seen, imagine well
 His ways, how gracious; looks & tones how kind.
 So the Blest Spirit for these wearying eyes
 Paints a true picture of our well-loved Lord,
 So living in its likeness, faith may rise
 Tow'rd that full knowledge, his assured reward.

But if it were not so, if such best-bliss
 Sweet personal knowledge of our King & Guide
 Were joy reserved for happier state than this
 But now to our unworthiness denied.
 If, new thing among men, One's Majesty
 With wisdom, purity, entralling grace,
 That craving, all embracing charity
 Upon the sacred page had found no place;

Had we been left to grope our way to Him
 With but one ray vouchsafed the quest to aid,
 One ray from our great-Lord, the rest all dim;
 The light turned heavenward, for us the shade;
 One ray had been enough, for every ray
 Soth so illuminate the perfect-whole,
 Such unity & fitness here, on trail
 Reveals ^{the path} Immortal to the ~~aching~~ soul.

My Lady's Hand.

Let other lovers tell of lips,
 Or eye-lids on yon rising
 Unwinking eyes that gleam as stars,
 My Lady's hand will I sing!
 So fair a hand, so white a hand,
 Yet scarce in that its beauty,
 So clear a hand, so deft a hand
 For all my Lady's duty!

Could it once do an awkwardness,
 I know 'twould fall to blushing;
 Methinks I see the dainty palm
 Round finger-tips all flushing.

A busy hand my Lady owns,
 Bravely she sews & hammers;
 Thinks it half pity not to live
 By her own doughty labours!

What pity, say you, this to spoil
 A face too swift to perish! -
 I fear she knows its charge & knows
 How little need to cherish.

And so methinks her mood it is
 Inward, this is but a whisper
 To do with those dear dainty hands
 What other daemons can't venture!

And this because to soul, not skin,
 Her hand owes such soft-fairness:
 The clods would call it-psychical
 And much because its rareness.

Most-beauteous form of all, say they,
 This hand so soft and tender
 With the fair smooth, unparrow'd palm
 The fingers fine and slender,

And those so dainty finger tips
 Long, taper, softly rounded:
 Ah, such rare hands, they say, must be
 To minds as rare be bounded.

The clods would call it-psychical
 This hand so soft and tender,
 With the fair smooth, unparrow'd palm,
 The fingers fine and slender,
 And finger tips right delicate
 Long, taper, softly rounded:—

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Ah, such rare hands they say, must be
To minds as rare, be bounded.

Of feeling, pure and grand they tell
Will, simple, much, unfeather'd
And knowledge clear, to read off life
As from a page of a letter'd.

O worthy Dns, O wisest Dns,
Say, have ye known my Lady?
Yea, surely, at no other shrine
This ^{prayer, all} her due ~~tribute~~, paid ye!

But know ye all the soothing power,
That lodges in her fingers
How her least touch, a whole embrace
A peace, on sore heart-lingers?

And know ye, as the babes know well,
The pretful crys subsiding
Under her touch? or yet the wealth
Of music there abiding?

My Lady's hand! my Lady's hand!
I kiss with worship, loyal.
In spirit only - in the act -
Full vig'rous withdrawal!

Worthy of later days, Rebecca, thou!
 If mind, thou dost anticipate the march,
 And prove, full oft, true mother of the Church!
 With acquiescent spirit dost thou bow,
 And climbing to an equal height; allow
 That Wisdom wise, whose depths thou seem'st to search,
 Nay, thou wouldst even thyself ^{dispose} sustain the arch
 Of God's high Providence; and wouldst avow,
 Arranging circumstance with subtle skill
 As tho' the end discerned, the means thereto
 Were such alone as met Thy narrow view,
 Thy one desire His counsel to fulfil.
 Not thus His will is done; they serve Him best
 Who on His motions wait, in His work rest.

11 p103 cmc10
Merciful and long one a hoarse rough song,
For there is other music made to-night
That I would fain not hear. Make, thou still sea
Heavily plunge. Shout on, white waterfall,
Oh, I could long like thy cold icicles
Freeze, freeze, and hang upon thy frosty cliff
And not complain so I might melt at last
In the warm Summer sun, as thou wilt do!

"But not to me! I think there is no sun;
My sun is smothered and the night grows dark;
None care for me. The children cry for bread,
And I have none, and nought can comfort me.
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were not much, for death is long to wait,
And Heaven is far to go!"

And speakest thou thus
Departing of the sun that sets to thee,
And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,
And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy door
Who strophe leave no print across the snow.
The sun has risen with comfort in his face,
The smile of heaven to warm the frozen heart
And bless with kindly hand. What! is it long
To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go;
Behold across the snow to thee he comes as
The heaven descends and is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: "This night this night" shall
I stand at the door and knock.

And though these earthly shadows dark & dim
Veil from our sight His Blessed Presence now
Yet faith exulting lifts her eyes to Him
And sees the thorn-crowned brow!

Waves from the ocean of His mighty love
Break in rejoicing on the expectant shore
Whispering sweet voices of the land above
Where storms shall be no more.

Glad then and sacred to all lowly hearts
The table spread by the dear hands of Christ
Where He His gifts of blessing still imparts
For Holy Eucharist!

Telling of Calvary and its bitter Cross
The nails, the thorns and the spear-wounded side
Bidding us count all earthly things but loss
For love of Him who died.

Pointing us onward to the Day of Light
When 'mid the glories of His home above
Christ and His Church in robes of purest white
shall drink His own new wine.

Rev. W. H. Baynes

11 p 10 am 10
A Psalm for New Year's Eve

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard, unsteady
When our feet bleed & scourging words
Point thou to Him, whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; Who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet, to the presence"
"Come unto Me, & I will give you rest."

Get hanging some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way.
Strive Year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Hombward - I bring before our fading eyes
The Lamp of Life! the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love -
Love of all human-kind!
Love, special, close - in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own soft nest may find.
And love that turns above
Idlingly: contented to resign
All love, if need be, for the love Divine.

Sayst: 'love is sweet' giddy heart
 'A natural law, and light'?
 Thou knowst not love: thy poorer part
 In sensible delight -
 Affection stirs in nerves and blood -
 Now fervent - fond; averted, now, and rude.

Holy is love; hedged round
 With 'Thou shalt not' now hear
 What disabilities do bound
 True love, lest it appear
 Condemned in that thou dost allow
 Thou, willing what love ought, discernest not how.

In word shalt thou not love:
 Ah me, all dulcet-dreams
 And tender morning visions! when to prove
 Truly the good thou seems
 Thy love lifts gates, that shut him in
 From matchless ^{sweet} surprise, love's award to win!

'Plamier, - hard the measure
Unpenial is the law
That would bar life's tenderest pleasure!
Nay, didst thou never draw
On dream of service to reprove
Return to measured for a lawless love?

No shall thy facile tongue
Love's sacred substance spend
On the sweet-tale too frequent sung -
Thou question'st - 'to what end?'
Alas, my heart; I've seal'd the eyes
So blind, thou mis'st the place of sacrifice!
And thou, may'st pass some mile
Wouldst know the worth and need
Of love, thou can'st not speak!
Appraise alone by dutious deed
As by refraining, much -
Get, question still - dost lay out love
With merchant hope return in kind to prove

Nay, but love thou in truth -
And not for any hope
But fervently, in simple faith.
Canst find for deed no scope
Still hee he loves divinest part
Who truly bears another in his heart?